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IDYLS AND RHYMES
BY
MORTIMER COLLINS.



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DUBLIN :

J. MC GLASHAN, 50 UPPER SACKVILLE STREET.

W. S. ORR AND COMPANY, LONDON.

STEPHEN BARRET, JUN., 25, HIGH-STREET, GUERNSEY.

MDCCCLV.

280. q. \$51.

J

THESE POEMS
ARE DEDICATED
TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTER
MINNA MABEL COLLINS.



IDYLS AND RHYMES.

THE PILGRIM OF ART.

I.

WEARY of life in cities, and the sound
Of endless commerce, forth the Pilgrim goes,
Pining to tread the distant Alpine ground,
Pining to cool with lustrous mountain-snows
The ruthless fever on his brow that glows
And burns his heart to ashes. Far away
Where evermore the mighty gulf-stream flows,
Or where, beneath a sky of silent grey,
Pines of the Northern Sea wave in the wind
alway.

II.

Where shall he seek for beauty and for life ?
O earth has pleasant places ; and the sea,
In its calm majesty or voiceful strife,
Is full of infinite gladness. There may be
No limit to its thunder and its glee ;

Where the great granite bulwarks of the land
Do battle with the waters ; where the free
Voice of old ocean shakes the stormy strand,
While stern black tempest-clouds upon the moun-
tains stand.

III.

A soft green cirque amid the hills divine
Well I remember. Overhead the sky,
Rent by the mountain-peaks, its hyaline
Fretted with broken clouds. In ether high
An eagle with wide wings is floating by
Full in the sunlight. On the curving grass
Young children ruddy in their sweetness lie,
Lave their white feet in brooks that eddying pass,
And crush the wild wood flowers in many an
odorous mass.

IV.

Here shines the Lamp of Beauty. When the night
Darkens the sky to one imperial star ;
While fades and narrows from the baffled sight
The form of all things ; while the hills afar
Grow up to Titans, helmed as Titans are
For hottest warfare : in that lonely hour
When sails the Night-wind in his cloudy car
From peak to peak, from cliff to craggy tower—
Then burns the solemn light of the great Lamp
of Power.

v.

The red fruit ripens 'mid the mulberry leaves,
And merry girlhood with a purple stain
Deepens sweet lips of laughter. Harvest sheaves
Are bound all golden by the sunburnt train
Of autumn. Waves the yellow sea of grain
Beneath the sweet wind of the sultry time,
Which drives cloud-shadows o'er the thirsty plain,
Freshening the fields. The reapers' choral chime
Comes to the distant ear like some old Doric
rhyme.

vi.

This is the Lamp of Life. And memory
Brings her own beauties from the ages hoary:
For her the Nereid girls pass flushing by
On the blue waves, beneath some promontory
Whose kingly crest was known in Grecian story:
For her the vintagers of Midsea isles
Sing all day long old Homer's chants of glory,
Of great Achilles and the Odyssean wiles,
Of Hector's brave despair and Helen's magic
smiles.

vii.

Or else an azure temple—incense wending
Skyward—Ionian girls with wavy hair
And girded breasts and silken lashes bending
Over most lucid eyes. The soft pure air
Embracingly surrounds those beauties rare;
And the white columns and the tossing sea,

And the pale olive trees that cluster there,
Win half their beauty from the ether free,
Whose sapphire-stained robe binds all things
lovingly.

VIII.

Then let us shout THALATTA ! Beauty bright
And life and power blend in that thought divine.
There pause, tired Pilgrim ! The fresh wind's
delight
Breathes icily from the eternal brine.
Earth, Air, and Sea, the mighty sisters trine
Meet on the white sands of the winding shore ;
Fair visions people all the curving line
Of cape and bay : and harken to the roar
Of waves that course along the granite ocean
floor.

IX.

Eternal is the glory of the earth :
Pilgrim of Dreams, despair not. Be thou part
Of all the solitary power whose birth
Is in the giant mountain's silent heart,
Or where the torrents with a thunder-start
Leap from the pine-woods over jambs of stone
Upheaved by ancient fire. Undying Art
Shall find thee in thy wanderings wild and lone,
And wed thee with that ring which makes all
power thine own.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

I.

He is gone—he is gone. That noble eye
Has looked its last over moor and meadow,
And where the primrose clusters lie
Many and bright in the sylvan shadow.

II.

Gone from earth; and the voice is fled,
Heard in the Saxon Island long,
Which awoke the faith that was dying or dead,
And made the lovers of Loyalty strong.

III.

Eighty years—till the Century's noon—
Prophet-like in our midst he dwelt;
And wherever the Saxon race is strewn,
The mighty truth of his song was felt.

IV.

His was the song of an English heart,
By the rivers of England fitly chanted,
Whence echoes of ancient glory start,
Whose shores by the spirits of kings are haunted.

v.

Fare thee well, O Poet and Sage !
Fare thee well, thy task is done :
Not for many a weary age
Thy like shall stand beneath the sun.

vi.

Fain would I deem thy spirit broods
O'er thine olden home, and loves to hear
The winds that murmur in Rydal Woods,
The waves that ripple on Rydal Mere.

LOVE AND DEATH.

I.

O BRAID thou lilies, maiden fair,
Into the folds of thy dark brown hair,
 White as foam of the wide salt sea :
Sing gay carols through field and street—
Light be the dance of thy tiny feet :
 Love and Death do wait for thee.

II.

Young Love waits his brow to rest
Glowing with life on thy ivory breast,
 When summer is high over wold and lea :
He'll sing thee songs of the golden South ;
And the bitter sweet of his burning mouth
 In a thousand kisses shall cling to thee.

III.

Ancient Death, a masquer quaint,
Waits till thy voice grow weary and faint,
 And thy foot no longer dances free :
Then, where the shadows of yew-trees fall,
And the river flows husht by the churchyard
 wall,
To his clay-cold breast he foldeth thee.

SEVENTEEN.

I.

O STAY thou by the fountain side
Sweet girl of seventeen summers !
With eyes more lucid than its tide—
The joy of all new comers.

II.

The blackbird on his sudden wing
Stoops down and seems to love thee :
Thou art the Lady of the Spring
Whose blossoms hang above thee.

III.

It gives a greenness to the grass—
Thy dainty white apparel :
The wild birds linger as they pass
To listen to thy carol.

IV.

Alas ! the ever-flying hours
With beauty must be laden :
Thy cheek shall wither like the flowers—
O ivory-breasted maiden !

LOTOS EATING.

I.

WHO would care to pass his life away
 Of the Lotos-land a dreamful denizen—
Lotos-islands in a waveless bay,
 Sung by Alfred Tennyson ?

II.

Who would care to be a dull new-comer
 Far across the wild sea's wide abysses,
Where, about the earth's 3000th summer
 Passed divine Ulysses ?

III.

Rather give me coffee, art, a book,
 From my windows a delicious sea-view,
Southdown mutton, somebody to cook—
 “Music?” I believe you.

IV.

Strawberry icebergs in the summer time—
 But of elmwood many a massive splinter,
Good ghost stories, and a classic rhyme,
 For the nights of winter.

V.

Now and then a friend and some sauterne,
 Now and then a haunch of Highland venison :
And for Lotos-lands I'll never yearn
 Maugre Alfred Tennyson.

THE PANTHER OF LORAINÉ.

“Prenez haleine ! tirez fort !”

I.

Stood by an oriel window sweet Emily Loraine,
And to the pheasants on the lawn she scattered
yellow grain,
While little Marion by her side, a tiny child of
three,
Lay, white as hawthorn blossom, beneath the
hawthorn tree.

II.

A merry autumn breeze was out which bent the
standing corn,
And the huntsman in the distant woods blew
high the bugle horn ;
The flying clouds, the dancing leaves, made all
the landscape gay,
And Emily chanted joyously an old Provençal
lay.

III.

But the Panther Hugo brought from the Orient
long ago,
That night within his dungeon dasht madly to
and fro,
And early in the morning had burst the mighty
bars,
And sprung into the wild woods beneath the
fading stars.

IV.

And even while fair Emily her merry chanson
sang,
And even while wee Marion's laugh across the
woodland rang,
With fiery eye and stealthy tread he crept along
the glade,
And his brindled sides shone luridly amid the
leafy shade.

V.

Alas for thee ! Alas for thee ! sweet Emily
Lorraine !
Alas for tiny Marion ! O hapless maidens twain !
Ye watch the pheasant's flutter—ye hear the
huntsman's call—
But ye see not the terrible Panther hard by the
castle wall.

VI.

A moment, and she sees him—a moment, and
she flies,
To catch up tiny Marion, who 'neath the haw-
thorn lies—
A single Ave Marie her white lip uttereth,
Then sinking on the greensward, she kneels as
still as death.

VII.

Old Lord Loraine and Hugo from the river's
farther side
Beheld the tawny monster between the elmtree
glide:
“A wild bull on the castle hill,” cried Hugo,
and away
Through the tangled forest umbrage they made
their hasty way.

VIII.

Each bore a cross-bow loaded for the hunting of
the deer—
At speed they climb the castle hill—they saw
that sight of fear.
“Take breath! Pull strong!” cried Hugo. The
Panther sprang like light—
The cross-bow bolt rang suddenly, and checked
his deadly flight.

ix.

Midway in death the Panther fell. The perilous
trial was o'er—
Safe in his arms the Baron his little Marion bore—
And joyously on the turf upstood sweet Emily
Lorraine,
Saved, saved for her lover far away upon the
Syrian main.

x.

That night when the merry autumn breeze adown
the glen was dying,
And the wild owl in the forest to its last wild
song replying,
The sisters twain knelt happily, by the light of
censers dim,
And sang in the ancient Chapel a thankful vesper
hymn.

ADA.

HER father lived beside old Windermere—
Lake of the poets. Little one, whose eyes
Were like two tiny stars at eventide—
Why what a father hadst thou! His the woods,
Ancient, autumnal, which went sloping down
With many murmurs to the quiet lake.
His the long terraces of quaintest box,
The snow-white peacocks screaming all day long
Through the hot summer. His the pineries
Where beneath acres of a glassy roof
The fruitage mellowed, like the olive cheek
Of Spanish beauty. Not so tenderly
Does dawn descend upon the eastern hills,
As fell the syringed water on those kings
Of horticulture. His the fallow deer
That trod the smooth turf of the hither park ;
The red deer belling in the distant glens
By tarn and pool, his also. Strange old man—
Stern as a caliph in an Arab tale :
Thy daughter than sultana lovelier.

I was a chymist then, and loved the breath
Of noxious gases more than that perfume

Which steals from ruddy lips. The dreams of eld,
Half fable and half miracle, to me
Were all the world.

Yet not unknown to Art,
Those contests with the Powers that make the earth
Pregnant and joyous. On the hyaline,
Or on bright silver lucid as the lake,
I could cast pictures of the aged trees,
Of the ancient mansion dark amid the green,
With gables known to Queen Elizabeth,
And one bright fountain like a sunbeam shot
Across the landscape. So the merry hours
Dancing along the path of summer tide,
Brought beauty to the maiden, dignity
Of querulous complexion to her sire,
And smiles of Nature's girlish face to me.

It was beneath a line of sycamores
I saw the lady first. O Ada ! Ada !
The green trees opened to a stream of sky,
And through the long dim avenue two pillars
Of an old temple glittered. There I came
To make that beauty on the silver steadfast ;
When midway to the temple Ada passed,
And gazed a moment, and her small white hand
Shaded her flushing brow from sunlight, while
Beneath a broad straw hat a shower of ringlets
Fell on her rosy shoulders. Thus it was
I caught her image. Dancing light and shade
Fell round her through the green leaves lovingly :
And lovingly upon her form I gazed,

While by the magic aid of iodine
The silver seized its shadow. All that day
Aimless I wandered through the breezy woods
Dreaming of Ada. Full of stars the sky,
And not a sail was left on all the lake,
Nor any light upon the forest-pools,
When I passed homeward, Ada in my heart.

But when I heard her speak, one happy day,
The whispered music lingered in my ear,
The simple words fell softly on my heart,
Yet burnt it like a meteor. Far away
Among Arabian palms and sunny wells
She comes amid the mirage : and I hear
The screaming peacocks and the chapel bell,
And Ada faintly uttering—"I am thine."

D E A T H.

I.

ANGEL who treadest in the track of Time !
Guarding the entrance to that unknown clime
Whence come no whispers to the world below,
Whence we no song may hear
Of triumph or of cheer,
Or sound of happy footsteps passing to and fro.

II.

Pale as the maybell trembling in the breeze
Thou makest youthful cheeks. The summer seas
Lose their calm blue beneath thy waving wing :
Fierce storms thou summonest
From the deep mountain-breast
To be thy pursuivants when thou art wandering.

III.

Thy name is terrible. Thine icy breath
Stern order to the War-fiend uttereth,
Who stains the pleasant turf a fearful red ;
Or dashes in the wave
A myriad spirits brave
For whose eternal rest no saintly song is said.

IV.

Yet have I known thee, Death, with gentle hand
Lead some poor wanderer to the heavenly land,
 Amid the purple light of autumn eves,
 While to the harvest moon
 Arose a rustic tune
From sunburnt lusty reapers binding up their
sheaves.

V.

And even if in some too cruel mood
Thou didst neglect the weary multitude
 To clutch the fair bride in her orange-bloom,
 To dim her eyes of light
 Upon the marriage night,
And bear her pallid beauty to the marble tomb—

VI.

Or the sweet child who prattles all day long
Didst touch with chilness 'mid his cradle song—
 Yet unrepining let us hope and pray :
 The MASTER calls His own
 Up to His golden throne—
When they are gathered there, thou Death
shalt pass away.

SUMMER.

I.

O golden, golden Summer !
Over the hills I see
The track of thy flying footsteps
As the soft south wind blows free,
And I hear the tender cadence
Of youths and of laughing maidens
As they chant a song to thee.

II.

O linger, linger Summer !
And let thy south winds blow,
And bind thyself a garland
Of the ruddiest flowers that glow,
For neither sprite nor mortal,
Till he pass the unseen portal,
Unending joy can know.

I.

COME to the wild wood, come !
Where it slopes to the restless sea,
Where the leaves are bright with an azure light,
And the quick winds hurry the falcon's flight,
Poised amid ether free.

II.

Purple the sunset dies
Over shadowy hills afar,
And the lamp doth burn for which mortals yearn,
Incense of grief in a golden urn—
Hesper—the Evening Star.

THE DEAN'S DAUGHTER.

I.

AUTUMNAL sunshine seems to fall
With riper beauty, mellower, brighter,
On every favoured garden wall
Whose owner wears the mystic mitre :
And apricots and peaches grow,
With hues no cloudy weather weakens,
To ripeness laymen never know,
For deans and canons and archdeacons.

II.

Dean Willmott's was a pleasant place,
Close under the cathedral shadows ;
Old elm-trees lent it antique grace ;
A river wandered through the meadows.
Well-ordered vines and fruit-trees filled
The terrace walks ; no branch had gone astray
Since monks, in horticulture skilled,
Had planned those gardens for their monast'ry.

III.

Calm, silent, sunny : whispereth
No tone about that sleepy Deanery,
Save when the mighty organ's breath
Came husht through endless aisles of greenery.
No eastern breezes swung in air
The great elm-boughs, or crisped the ivy :
The powers of nature seemed aware
Dean Willmott's motto was "Dormivi."

IV.

Dean Willmott's mental life was spent
 In Arabic and architecture :
 On both of these most eloquent—
 It was a treat to hear him lecture.
 His dinners were exceeding fine,
 His quiet jests extremely witty :
 He kept the very best port wine
 In that superb cathedral city.

V.

But O the daughter of the Dean !
 The Laureat's self could not describe her :
 So sweet a creature ne'er was seen
 Beside Eurotas, Xanthus, Tiber.
 So light a foot, a lip so red,
 A waist so delicately slender—
 Not Cypris, fresh from Ocean's bed,
 Was half so white and soft and tender.

VI.

Heigho ! the daughter of the Dean !
 Beneath those elm-trees apostolic,
 While autumn sunlight danced between,
 We two had many a merry frolic.
 Sweet Sybil Willmott ! long ago
 To your young heart was Love a visitor :
 And often have I wished to know
 How you could marry a solicitor.

WELLINGTON.

I.

ARTHUR, the Servant of the English Crown,
Lies now in London. And the sword he drew,
Unstained and bright, a triumph of renown,
Slumbers, since those old days of Waterloo.

II.

There, in the mother-city of the land,
Red banners hang above the noble dead—
The princely warrior of unconquered hand,
Whom Duty on his glorious pathway led.

III.

Who not in battle or in tumult died ;
But, having lived a nation's love to know,
Sank gently down by the blue ocean's side—
That ocean which he guarded long ago.

IV.

Peaceful he died, who wildest warfare knew,
And drove pale hosts from many a sanguine field;
And long as England holds the sword he drew,
Peace is the legend on her stainless shield.

THE DOOM OF MAUD MAULEVERER.

II.

SIR GUY MAULEVERER's stately steed is pawing
at the gate,
Sir Guy Mauleverer's deer-hounds by the port-
cullis wait,
In the summer calm the dim dim woods without
a murmur sleep,
Nor flaps the crimson banner above the donjon
keep—
Old Hugh the huntsman winds his horn, in hope
the wood-note high
May quicken his master's footsteps as it fills the
morning sky.

III.

O merry Maud Mauleverer ! Now wherefore
wouldst thou stay
Thy father from his wonted sport in the gay
greenwood to-day ?
And wherefore do thy small white hands, thou
darling dreamful thing,
Around the old man's belted waist so fair a girdle
fling ?

That stout right arm need fear no foe, whose
 true and trusty steel
 Cleft down old Oliver's troopers by scores from
 helm to heel.

III.

That stout right arm need fear no foe, whose
 naked strength of yore
 Pulled down the mighty red deer on the gorse-
 clad Highland moor :
 Whose brand made clear three lances' length at
 Naseby's fatal fight,
 When the gay young gallants of the Court were
 lost in shameful flight.
 What reck Sir Guy Mauleverer o'er dream and
 portent wild ?
 He leaps to his horse and bends his plume to his
 fair and tender child.

IV.

The chase is up—the deer is forth—the hounds
 upon his track
 Bay merrily, and all the woods the clamour echo
 back :
 By mountain-tarn, through rugged chasm, o'er
 river swift and wide,
 The stag flies fast, and close behind the fiery
 huntsmen ride :
 And now at bay with antlers huge he stands—
 and now Sir Guy
 Leaps from his steed right eagerly his forest-craft
 to ply.

v.

Hurrah, the stag is bleeding ! Hurrah ! the chase
is done !

Was never a nobler buck brought down beneath
the western sun.

They fling him on a palfrey stout, that staggers
at the weight ;

They bear him over flood and fell to the lofty
castle gate.

“ My pretty Maud,” the old knight cried, “ thy
dreams are little worth ;

Bring in the noble venison with music and with
mirth.”

vi.

The hautboys sound, the clarions bray. Now,
where is Maud the fair ?

Away in her turret-chamber doth she bind her
nut-brown hair ?

Why comes she not with silver voice and happy
blushful face

To bid her father welcome from the peril of the
chase ?

Up starts Sir Guy Mauleverer, and stills the
merry din—

“ Ho maidens, why this lingering ? When comes
your lady in ?”

vii.

In the gloaming Maud Mauleverer passed wan-
dering down the glen

To meet her sire, but homeward she ne'er re-
turned agen.

On horse, on foot, the servitors went forth into
the night,
And madly through the starless woods roamed on
the aged knight ;
They sought by wells where the red deer drink—
they searched the forest wild—
But all in vain, nor ever agen Sir Guy beheld his
child.

viii.

Years after, when Sir Guy was laid beneath the
grass-green sod,
When a cropeared Roundhead through the halls
of the ancient castle trod,
They say sweet Maud Mauleverer, with a baby
at her breast,
Was seen beside her father's grave, as paled the
glowing west.
O faded were her fairy cheeks—gone was her
maiden bloom—
Even as the lilies faded which she cast upon his
tomb.

THE MOOR.

I.

Lo the wild moor, free and wide, like a sea
unvext by tide,
Where the purple sunsets die softly : where quick
breezes fly
From the distant mountain side.

II.

Forest aisles right pleasant are underneath the
Evening Star:
Streams are sweet, that ripple through dusky
woodland avenue,
Breathing gentle music far.

III.

But the merry moorland air makes the cheek of
beauty fair ;
Filling lovely eyes with light ; tossing back in
rapid flight
Masses of abundant hair.

IV.

He who will may linger under cliffs by Ocean
torn asunder ;
Where, through dark colossal chasm bursts the
tide with endless spasm,
And unending hymns of thunder.

v.

He who will may dream beside rivers that in
silence glide
Through the broad green meadow lands ; where
the village steeple stands
Seen o'er all the regions wide.

vi.

But the open moor for me, where the winds can
wander free ;
Where the falcon hovering rests upon his steady
wing
In the calm aerial sea.

vii.

Open moor, where fern and heath tremble in
the gale's wild breath—
Where great Chiefs and Druids old sleep beneath
the fibrous mould
In the eternal grasp of Death.

AFTER ALMA.

I.

RING the joybells loud and high underneath
December's sky—
Let our cannon thunder forth to the Tyrant of
the North
Tidings of our victory..

II.

Town and village, tower and fane, far o'er
English hill and plain!—
Light the blazing beacon fire—let the wild peal
rock the spire—
From the inland to the main.

III.

We, who wrought great deeds of yore, now by
Euxine's distant shore
Have brought low the haughty Czar. He, be-
neath the Polar Star,
Well may dread our cannon's roar.

IV.

Wherefore ring the joybells loud: wherefore let
the jocund crowd
Shout our triumph ! Yet we know SOME who
from the servile foe
Only won a warrior's shroud.

v.

They no more in gay advance, waving banner,
grasping lance,
Shall go forth to high renown. Them stern
Death has smitten down
Into his eternal trance.

vi.

Sorrow for them, maidens fair ! Bind dark
cypress in your hair !
They shall never come to woo happy looks of
love from you :
Whoso loved them knows despair.

vii.

And when festal peals are done, as sinks low this
wintry sun,
Village steeples ! city towers ! mourn ye through
the midnight hours—
Tolling sadly, one by one.

viii.

Youth, strength, wisdom, beauty bright, voice of
music, arm of might—
All are gone, and Earth is dim. Them ev'n now
the seraphim
Welcome in their halls of light.

ix.

Crash, crash on, ye joybells high : let the nation
make reply.
**BETTER FATE CAN NO MAN HAVE THAN TO WIN
A HERO'S GRAVE**
'MID OLD ENGLAND'S VICTORY.

THE DEATH ANGEL.

THE Baron lay upon his couch alone
Dying : a young man, and with golden hair,
And strong right arm that knew the brunt of war,
And feet full swift upon the mountain crest
When the deer maddened at the archer's dart—
Yet dying : truly the Death-Angel spares
Neither the strong nor feeble.

In that chamber
Facing the sunset, where the song of Trent
Came sadly on the languid summer air,
Death took his bride, a creature very fair,
Yet in some mercy left a fairer creature—
A tiny daughter to the warrior-sire.
Her blue eyes also faded from the earth—
Her sweet gay prattle was no longer heard—
The inexorable Angel touched her heart,
Whose pulses came in music to her lips,
Into a fearful stillness.

Then the chieftain
Driven into battles by his bitter grief,
Bore his bright banner through the thick of fight,
And made his ancient name a sound of fear
Through many kingdoms.

Now, he fought with Death:
He cried within him—"O relentless Angel!
Thou hast taken all that I have loved on earth—
Wilt thou take me, while yet the river of life
Is in full flow? Before glad youth is fled
Into the land of shadows must I go,
And dwell with nothingness, and never more
See my flag float from these old towers, or hear
The huntsman's clarion in the autumn morn?"

Even while he spake, he saw his daughter's form—
His tiny daughter who, at three years old,
Had into that dim realm of shadow passed—
Her tender fingers clasping vernal flowers,
Blue harebell and the pale anemone—
Her ripe lips opening with that happy smile
Which ever welcomed him at eventide—
And the sweet Prattler said—"My father, come.
I am Death's Angel: come thou home with me.
My mother waits where these immortal flowers
Bloom in the moss-pathed woodlands fairer far
Than earth can know. I am Death's Angel: come."

Then did his spirit from that couch arise:
And hand in hand the father and the child
Trod joyously the silent slopes of air.

ÆSTIVALIA.

I.

O SPIRIT of Summer !
Where dwellest thou now ?
Where clings thy light leafage
To every bough ?
Thy fair feet tread blossom
To life from the turf
Where white marble headlands
Are washed by the surf :
Thy gay green pavilions
Are haunted by thee,
Where Orion dips deep
In a far bluer sea :
Where Hylas was lost
Through the woods singing blithe,
And the hills are instinct
With the magic of Myth :
Where once dwelt Odysseus—
Ah Hero ! to glide
With thee in long toil
O'er the violet tide !—
With thee through cool chambers
Of Circe to pass,

Where Faun treads with Dryad
The silver-starred grass :
From amethyst goblet
By ocean's dim brink
In hot thirst of summer
Red wine-foam to drink —
Red wine of soft Thessaly
Cool as the breeze
That at even comes dancing
Through murmurous trees.

II.

O Spirit of Summer !
To England return :
Come back to the woodlands
Where winter is stern :
Shower down thy red roses
In odorous glow
On hillside and valley glade
Sheeted with snow :
Throw clouds of elm leafage
O'er alleys of moss
Where now the bare boughs
To the bitter winds toss :
Tread asphodel's amber
Through stream-haunted glen
Of Severn and Medway —
Of Isis and Nen :
When my Mabel trips gaily
To welcome the dawn,
Bathe her ankles in lilies

On meadow and lawn :
Her short curls of chesnut
That carelessly fly—
O flood them with sunlight
Fresh, fresh from the sky :
And kiss her red cheeks
With a zephyr as light
As her breath when she utters
Gay songs of delight.

* * * * *

Ah, Spirit of Summer !
We call thee in vain,
While bleak winds howl on
Over forest and plain.

ANDRELOT.

A Myth of the Channel.

CANTO I.

THE milk-white foam of the surging sea
With a joyous ripple of music free
Answereth
To the soft wind's breath
Blowing for aye through the greenwood tree—
Flutter the sea-birds far below,
And the wild waves utter a chorus low,
As they go
Up to the statue of Andrelot.

Foaming, gliding, never subsiding,
Under the stormy rocks abiding,
The wild, wild sea
Has a chant of glee
To sing to the cliffs its surge dividing—
And even when the purple glow
Of sunset lies on its endless flow,
Its waves have a magic whisper low
For the giant statue of Andrelot.

Wherfore in the summer time,
 O lover of idlesse, lover of rhyme !
 Take thou a dozen of sparkling Sillery,
 Or Mountain Dew from an Irish Distillery,
 Or a proper quota of Château Margaux,
 And off on a whole day's pic-nic go
 To the giant statue of Andrelot.

* * * * *

Quoth Harry Loraine, with passion hot,
 " That fop of a fellow, Sir Christopher Scott,
 Marry my sister ! I'd rather not.
 I'd marry her first to my grandfather's spectre,
 Or Roger the groom, or Sir Topaz the rector,
 Or to any heretical Pagan or Hindoo,
 As black as the fiend in that oriel window."

Where was the Lady Sybilla Loraine ?
 Waved around her the golden grain—
 And that "fop of a fellow," the knightly Christopher,
 Was clasping the beautiful ivory wrist of her,
 Rhyming, protesting, entreating, and praying,
 And saying—Ye powers, what wasn't he saying?—
 Quoting bad poets who wrote rather muddily,
 And kissing those lips that pouted so ruddily.

Castle Loraine
 Was a noble domain
 O'erhanging the western brine,

Sloped down to the floods
Its mighty woods
Of the oak, elm, beech, and pine—
Terraces shaven
With marble paven
For twilight strolls were there,
Green were the glades
Of the forest shades,
And pure was the ambient air—
'Twas in Devonshire, a country than which
nothing finer is,
It had apiaries, aviaries, fisheries, pineries,
The landscape around was unique and enchanted,
The mighty old mansion was horribly haunted.

Harry Loraine
Had crossed the main
To golden Syria's vine-clad plain—
Infidel warriors many a score
He had slain with his sword on the Red Sea shore;
Many a time had he gone to bed
After dining on—simply a Saracen's head ;
Many a time
In that curious clime
Had he tried his blade on a demon grim,
Whom he couldn't hurt, and who couldn't hurt
him ;
And now 'twas his cue,
Having nothing to do,
To sit weekly at church in the family pew,
To persecute poachers, to study the sciences,
To bother his ploughmen with modern appliances,

(For before sowing wheat on his hillsides and
valleys, his

Plan was to try Meinherr Liebig's analysis)
To hang up, not his harp but his lance, on a willow,
And look after his dear little sister Sybilla.

Multitudinous lovers she had, while he
Followed King Edward o'er Ascalon lea ;
And when Harry came back, if in Greek he'd
been well up, he
Would have thought of the suitors that pestered
Penelope :

Did he shoot them ? O no—
It was more *comme il faut*
To invite them to dine ; and to judge of their
merit, he
Gave them some wine that would test their
sincerity—

Some wondrously magical
Comico-tragical
Wine, that was made by a mighty enchanter—
Whoe'er drank a draught from the massive
decanter,
If false in his love, he was changed without mercy,
After the fashion invented by Circe.

One of those clerici
Famous for heresy
Puseyites hight, was the first to appear :
O a regular stickler
For Confession Auricular

And other particular
Tenets, was Hildebrand Pusey de Vere :
 He'd a snug little room
 Full of monachal gloom,
Stained windows, oak furniture, saintly perfume,
Which to queer-looking reliques and books was
 allotted,
Besides hair shirts, and scourges excessively
 knotted :
 One part of his Rectory
 He made a refectory,
Where he dined as if Soyer were lord of his
 kitchen—
While there waited at table six maidens bewitching,
Their lips very rosy, their hair very wavy,
Who iced all his wine, and supplied him with
 gravy.

Now the Reverend Hildebrand Pusey de Vere,
Whose living was worth some 2000 a year,
 Was in want of a wife
 Just to quicken his life,
On Fridays and Saints' days to join him with fish
 on her
 Plate—to talk Latin—
 Wear Anglican satin—
And example to set to each petty parishioner :
 For the parson in question
 (Forgive the suggestion)
Was a great connoisseur in waists, ankles, and
 tresses,
And liked to confess pretty Anglicanesses.

At Castle Loraine came the parson to dine,
 And drank a huge draught of the marvellous wine;
 Then sudden and strange
 Was the gentleman's change—
 So mighty the spell human life to derange—
 He rushed for his hat
 And exclaimed “What a flat
 I am! There's a rat-hunt to-day, by the powers;
 And here I am wasting the beautiful hours!”

Thenceforward, alas, 'twas all up with the Rec-
 tor. He
 Invited queer fellows to join his refectory—
 Never burnt a wax taper, or looked in a book,
 Or worshipt the Virgin—but married his cook;
 Drank whiskey-punch freely, both daily and
 nightly;
 Grew much less obese, and more florid and
 sprightly;
 Wore a red coat instead of his Anglican togs,
 And used up his scourges for whipping his dogs.

* * * * * * *

Came next a young knight
 In a waistcoat as bright
 As the snow on the hills when the moon shineth
 bright—
 With a shirt picturesque,
 And a watch-chain grotesque,
 And a coat of so charming a fit, 'twas miraculous
How ever got in it this wonderful graculus;

And O such a scent
 With the young fellow went,
 'Twas manifest half of his income was spent
 In the nastiness modern perfumers invent :
 Then his hair it was curled, and his whiskers
 were twisted,
 He was French-leather-booted and lace-ruffle-
 wristed,
 His face was so white, it was plain that with
 Rhenish
 He never had ventured his blood to replenish,
 His rings would have set up a dealer in jewel-
 lery—
 The man was encrusted with dandified foolery.

This creature so vain,
 When he dined with Loraine,
 Came fully determined the lady to gain ;
 His countenance clearly said, “ I'm irresistible—
 Like a fellow who holds all the trumps at a whist-
 table ; ”

And—*bibisset quicquid*—
 He quafft the bright liquid
 As if all his visions to hold in his fist able.

Sudden and strange
 Was the young knight's change—
 From an exquisite fit for the highest society
 To an old geological
 Archæological
 Fogie, who scandalized ladies' propriety—
 In a shocking bad hat, with a huge wooden staff,

And a coat too worn out for a beggar by half,
 And spectacled eyes!
 The grimdest of guys
 That ever yet took a young girl by surprise.
 O terrible change! From his splendid position
 As leader of beaux
 Whom every one knows,
 To a wretched old stone-breaking geologist:
 He who used to bewitch the fair ladies and gam-
 mon knights,
 Now had'n't a soul above bivalves and ammonites,
 And got up at 5 in the quarries to delve,
 Who was wont to take coffec and noyau at 12.

* * * * * *

In his love I wot
 Sir Christopher Scott
 Was sincere—for the liquid changed him not—
 But ever in vain
 Did he strive to gain
 The good-will of the young knight, Harry Loraine:
 However, he managed to kill the time pleasantly,
 Flirting with pretty Sybilla incessantly.

I.

“ Lovely Sybilla!
 Rise from thy pillow,
 Hidden by curtains that wave divine,
 Drowsily lying
 While shadows are flying
 Chased by the wild wind over the brine—

Come to the airy
 Glades where faery
 Dancers have frolicked the long night through—
 And under the arches
 Of elms and larches
 Gaze on thy lover with eyes of blue !

II.

“ Charming Sybilla !
 Lots of vanilla
 Ices from Fortnum and Mason’s shop—
 Cheesecakes and *pâtés*—
 Everything that is
 Good—I have stored where the fir cones drop—
 Come to the airy
 Glades where faery
 Dancers have frolicked till twilight fled,
 And under the arches
 Of elms and larches
 Sip Rudesheimer with lips of red !”

So sang Sir Christopher many a time—
 The lady loved his doggrel rhyme,
 But loved his eatables better ;
 For eating and drinking are capital things
 To feather Cupid’s fluttering wings,
 And forge old Hymen’s fetter.

So sang Sir Christopher every day—
 And Harry Loraine was wont to say,
 As he sat o’er his St. Emilion—

“A plague on that animal’s amorous fun !
If any one’d drown the son of a gun
I’d give him half a million !”

But over the wild heath the wild winds blew,
And the lovers wandered the forests through,
 And Autumn cast its mist over
The fields all shorn of the golden grain,
The hills and woodlands of Castle Lorraine—
 And nobody drowned Sir Christopher.

CANTO II.

The autumn winds more boisterous grow,
The ferns are waving to and fro,
By the cave where the statue of Andrelot
 Looks forth on the mighty ocean ;
The stormy petrel and cormorant
Are driving fast with wings aslant,
 And the waves are all in motion.

The mighty giant Andrelot
Sees a skiff which to and fro
 The surge in its fury tosses—
He sits in his cave and smokes a cigar,
And wonders who in the world they are
Whirled by the mad waves fierce and far—
 The villainous old Colossus !

He sits and smokes his choice cigar,
While Æolus drives his stormy car
 The glimmering ocean over :
With every whiff he looks at the skiff,
Bending under the squall so stiff,
In which Sybil Lorraine flies over the main
 Along with her own true lover.

Comes a stormier squall from the lowering south,
 As the bark still rides defiant,
It blows the weed right out of his mouth,
 And almost blinds the giant—

He pulls his hat more firmly on,
And looks again—but the bark is gone.

As they felt the rush of the angry main,
Those lovers twain
Were drinking the wine of Harry Loraine ;
For the knight, ere he voyaged the Channel
through,
Had conveyed from the cellar a dozen or two—
And thinking in peril it might be placed,
Had fastened the hamper on to his waist.

Hurrying past
The Austral blast
Rent every sail from the crashing mast,
And dashed in the main, in a terrible plight,
The lady fair and her faithful knight.

He's in the sea !
Can he swim ? Not he !
O he can't, my incredulous friend—we'll see—
With one strong arm the waves he clove,
With the other embracing his lady love—
And up to the cliffs of Moulin Huet
He wrought his way
Where they frown most awfully over the bay :
How he climbed and clung !
How aloft he hung !
While round his waist sweet Sybil flung
Her beautiful arms. He had need of patience
For he damaged his shins and his con-tin-u-
a-tions.

The rocks were so sharp, 'twas sufficient to kill him,
And above there was Andrelot—waiting to grill
him.

He's aloft at length,
His knightly strength
Has landed him safe with his darling bride :
But there's Andrelot
To meet, you know,
A vagabond worse than the wildest tide :
Old Andrelot sat on the windy heath
Picking his teeth
With a pine-tree huge as an admiral's mast,
And considering how he should dress the twain
Whose flight from the wrath of the stormy main
Was but a moment past.

The ugly old Anthropophagite knew
The sagest methods of Cussy and Ude :
And he said, "For you
Sir Knight, a stew
Will make you eat remarkably good.

"I'll serve you up with spices drowned,
With sauce of port, and with anchovy :
But the girl, well browned,
With mushrooms round,
O what an exquisite bit she'll be !

"Those cheeks—I'm sure they're extremely
tender—

They've never been kissed by daring
beaux :

She's so youthful and slender
A zephyr would bend her :
By Jove she'll be eatable down to her
toes.

" And if I am tempted too well to dine,
For a good *coup d'après* methinks I'll
taste

Some of the wine
Which that knight so fine
Has buckled about his buxom waist."

So down he stalked to the edge of the rock,
Where the knight and the lady after the shock,
Were pitying each other's contusions,
And he laid his hand on Sir Christopher Scott,
And said, " What a jorum of wine you've got
For future internal infusions !"

The lady looked at his saucer eyes
And fainted. " Egad, he's the grimdest of
guys,"
Thought Sir Christopher. " What a tremendous
size—

I hope he'll not fry us or steam us !"
Then he thought of the magical wine—" Old
boy,"
To the giant he said—" Will you wish us joy
In a bottle, my Polyphemus ?

“ ‘Tis the same Nepenthe, I fancy you’ll own,
That Helen got from the wife of Thone,
 And carried it over the stern sea.
Knock off the neck of the bottle and drink—
Unless your island’s improved, I think
 You’ll find nothing like it in Guernsey.”

Down his esophagus thirsty and vast
The giant poured a quart of it:
 Said the knight, “ Drink fast—
 It’s likely to last
For a month: we’re not very short of it.”

But behold—to Sir Christopher’s huge delight—
That draught of the mystic fluid
 Fixt the giant tight
 On that lonely height,
And turned him into a druid.

A druid of quartz! For he drank some quarts
On the edge of that terrible granite:
And it’s true—though I tell it in longs and shorts—
The old fellow was turned to a statue of quartz
 That will last as long as our planet.

And there to this day may the giant be seen—
 Andrelot!
Though the lapse of ages has made him green,
And sea-birds’ nests, and lichens grey,
Have hidden his beauty for many a day:
Wherefore when July winds blow,

All your cares on the ocean throw,
Never fret about love or debt:
But off on a glorious pic-nic go
To the giant statue of Andrelot!

As for sweet Sybil Loraine and Sir Christopher—
Tenderly taking the ivory wrist of her,
He led her away
From that terrible bay,
To St. Martin's at once in a hurry he carried her,
Wrote a brief note to the Rector and married her:
And as they had plenty of love and of gold,
Our friend Harry Loraine was thoroughly sold.

Without my rhyme,
You'll guess that in time
There were lots of new-comers in this pleasant
clime;
If a man had a wish to be deafened, a cursory
Visit would do it to Sybilla's nursery:
Where he found a cacophonous, pestering train,
With Sir Christopher's nose, but *les yeux de*
Lorraine.

And at Moulin Huet—
The loveliest bay
That ever yet flashed on a Midsummer day
To the glimmering sunlight's dancing ray—
Sir Christopher built a magnificent place,
Whose turrets and wings had an antique grace,
Such as you see
Where the winds blow free

Through the mountain ash and the tall elm-tree,
Upon merry England's fertile lea.
He called it "La Maison d'Andrelot"—

He spent in its building a golden mintage—
And to honor his ancient Gargantuan foe
Stored the cellars with casks of the magical
vintage :

And there his *chère maîtresse*,
With many a gay tress,
Dwelt with him : but Destiny, terrible traitress,
Swept the mansion away, so that nothing remains,
And extinguished the lineage of Scotts and Lo-
raines.

But the pleasant laughter of Aphrodite
With the sea's wild melody mingles still :
'Tis a sound most mighty
To make one flighty—
So listen not, treading the furze-clad hill.

For if you listen, your eyes will glisten
With the fury divine of the Archer Child :
And the giant himself
Was a feeble elf
To Eros, when his frenzy is stern and wild.
Heed him therefore, when you go,
With many a maiden
Beauty-laden,
Their cheeks like cherries immerst in snow,
To hear the wild waves whisper low
By the giant statue of Andrelot.

SPREAD the sail in summer
On the ocean eddy
When it murmurs music
To the scorching sands ;
When the lazy seamew
Lingers on its rock ;
When there scarce is coolness
Under darkest shadow
Of the forest boughs.

Spread the sail in summer :
Tempt the merry maiden
Whom thou lovest chiefly
From her dim boudoir ;
And with eyelids drooping
Over lucid eyes,
And with tresses tossing
To the pleasant air,
Let her sit beside thee
As o'er summer waters
Glides the rapid skiff.

Spread the sail in summer :
Nor be then forgotten
Flasks of red Hochheimer,

Tins of strawberry ice ;
Edibles delicious
Wherewithal to picnic
In secluded valley,
Or on soft sea-margin
Of a lonely isle ;
There with mythic story,
Quaintest jest and song,
While away the sunset,
Till through bars of amber—
Trail of great Hyperion—
O'er the mountains westward
Hesperus appears.

I.

He sat the quiet stream beside—
His white feet laving in the tide—
And watched the pleasant waters glide
 Beneath the skies of summer.
She singing came from mound to mound,
Her footfall on the thymy ground
Unheard ; his tranquil haunt she found—
 That beautiful new comer.

II.

He said—“ My own Glycerium !
The pulses of the woods are dumb,
How well I knew that thou wouldest come,
 Beneath the branches gliding.”
The dreamer fancied he had heard
Her footstep, whensoever stirred
The summer wind, or languid bird
 Amid the boughs abiding.

III.

She dipped her fingers in the brook,
And gazed awhile with happy look
Upon the windings of a book
 Of Cyprian hymnings tender.

The ripples to the ocean raced—
The flying minutes passed in haste :
His arm was round the maiden's waist—
That waist so very slender.

iv.

O cruel Time ! O tyrant Time !
Whose winter all the streams of rhyme,
The flowing waves of love sublime,
 In bitter passage freezes.
I only see the scrambling goat,
The lotos on the waters float,
While an old shepherd with an oat
 Pipes to the autumn breezes.

OCTOBER.

I.

O THE misty bright October !
Misty-bright on the brown hill-side—
Setters hunt the stubble over,
Scream the crake and the golden plover
Thorough the moorland waste and wide.

II.

O the golden-crowned October !
Golden, gorgeous in decay :
Through the woods the leaves for ever
Drift, and in the sluggish river
Yellow and brown they drift away.

III.

O the chill and pale October !
Colder winds are whirling now—
All the champaign wide they deaden,
Will not suffer the leaves to redder,
Hanging lone on the wintry bough.

IV.

O the merry and glad October !
Heap the hearth with lots of fuel :
Blaze away both log and splinter ;
Hail to the coming of healthful winter—
Hail to the festive joys of Yule !

THE DAFFODIL.

I.

GOLDEN Asphodel!
Many a woodland well
Lies an amber water in thy light divine—
And the Oread girls
See their dancing curls
Flash like summer sunlight amid the hyaline—
When with flying ankles
Bending branches under
With a choric melody they cleave the air asunder.

II.

Ages long ago
Did thy golden glow
Lie on gorse and heathbell upon the mountain side,
Where the pheasant's breast
Found a frequent rest
With its wide wings drooping in the summer tide :
And the red-deer weary
'Mid Apollo's anger
Crushed thy odorous petals fair, couching in his
langour.

III.

Blossom ever-golden !
By the rivers olden
Winding, slowly winding to the wild blue sea—
Chalice ever bright !
Odorous with delight
Where the ancient forests murmur in their glee—
Linger in thy beauty
'Mid the moss enwoven
Till by Winter's icy lance the glowing year is
cloven.

THE WAYSIDE WELL.

I.

FULL of beauty is the wayside well,
Overcanopied with leafage pleasant,
Where the spirits of coolness love to dwell
'Mid the heat incessant.

II.

Here you see the weary wayfarer
Cool himself beneath the leafy shadow,
While the long grass scarcely seems to stir
In the unshaven meadow.

III.

Here full often rest the smoking team,
Toiling movers of the broad-wheeled wagon :
Here the vagrant artist stays to dream
O'er his pocket-flagon.

IV.

Hither also trips the rustic maiden
Singing blithely through the wind-swept barley,
With her dark red earthen pitcher laden,
In the morning early.

v.

Talk of palm-tree shade and Arab lymph
In the bosom of a green oasis :
Talk of water which the Naiad nymph
'Mid dark Tempe places :

vi.

Talk of icy wine Italian quaffed
In a cave of Pulciano's mountain :
There is nothing like a joyous draught
From the wayside fountain.

A MIDSUMMER CHANT.

I.

EARTH is lying in Thy summer, O great Sovran
of the spheres!
Languidly beside the water stand all day the
stately steers:
And the tall green corn is waving, with a wealth
of swelling ears.

II.

All day long the mavis joyous his sweet song in
shadow weaves,
Where the mighty boughs are drooping, heavy
with their summer leaves,
And the young birds aye are singing underneath
the cottage eaves.

III.

Earth is lying in its beauty : silently the morning
mist
Passes from the sunny mountains, by the soft-
winged breezes kissed—
Warm and still the sloping hill beneath a sky all
amethyst.

IV.

O the beauty of the sunset, deepening in purple
hues—
And when Hesper rises slowly, bringing on the
twilight dews,
Where the woodland streamlets ripple through
the dusky avenues.

V.

O Thou Giver of all gladness! we, the children of
this earth,
Ever would desire to praise Thee, though our
songs are nothing worth,
For the rich and fragrant summer, for its music
and its mirth—

VI.

For the dense green odorous woods, for the sky's
unclouded dome,
For the calm sea tossing lightly, endless lines of
starry foam,
Which shall thunder on for ever, till Thou take
Thy people home.

* A MIDWINTER CHANT.

I.

All day long the snow is drifting, drifting o'er
the champaign white ;
All the night the broad December moonlight
makes the silence bright :
It is winter ! it is winter ! Harken to the hail-
storm's flight.

II.

Ay, the holy Christmas-tide with its vivid joy is
fled :
And another year of struggle, almost numbered
with the dead,
Bids us pause amid the turmoil while a saintly
song is said.

III.

Tamely now the merle and mavis flutter in the
hedges near ;
From the cottage thatch the snow drips with
many an icy tear :
It is winter ! it is winter ! heralding the new-
born year.

iv.

Wearily the lusty teams smoke against the frosty
hill ;
Ice has caught the brook's low ripple, curbing
in its wayward will ;
Frost has seized the very vapour, garlanding the
casements chill. ♥

v.

Mighty One ! we bow before Thee, praising Thee
for winter's chain,
Asking that a summer warmth in our hearts may
ever reign—
Warmth to cheer the poor and toilworn, guider
of the heavy wain.

vi.

Thou hast given, O Creator ! Thou agen mayst
take away.
Let us not forget our stewardship, but go for-
ward day by day,
Cheering those who are Thy children on their
sorrow-laden way.

vii.

For the power of earth is passing, like the morn-
ing's glittering rime,
And the swiftest of Thine angels guides the
chariot of Time
Onward to the end of all things, onward to the
Holy Clime.

NOVEMBER.

I.

November, month of mornings misty bright,
With golden light :
Month when the many-tinted leaf
Lies thick upon the moss below,
While to and fro
The breezes moan as if in grief.

II.

November, who dost swell the mountain-streams,
To break the dreams
Of the long summer's holy sway ;
And rousest the tumultuous floods,
Through glens and woods
To thunder, all the sullen day.

III.

The wandering swallows at thy bidding fly
Athwart the sky,
And dare to pass the whirling seas,
Nor pause until their pinions flutter
Where wavelets utter
Low songs amid the Cyclades.

IV.

And through the silver vapour-robe of even
Swift stars are driven
Across Heaven's margin ever blue,
And to the dark abyss surrender
That sudden splendour
Which from an unknown source they drew.

V.

O month of change, through moor and wold and
forest
For aye thou warrest
With autumn's beauty fast decaying :
And sprinklest rime and moisture chill
O'er glade and hill
Where Spring beheld our glad feet straying.

VI.

November, thou hast wreaths of evergreen
Fair brows to screen,
Mingled with berries ruddy-hued :
And the old ivy, plant divine,
Young locks to twine,
Though summer's glory is subdued.

VII.

The poet praises June's bright glance of glee,
And July free
Dancing flower-laden o'er the plain—
The myriad blossoms wonder-bright
Which cast delight
O'er the wide land and clasping main.

VIII.

But me thy humid sky doth gladden more,
 The streamlet's roar,
The shadows floating far away,
Strange sounds that in thy milder moods
 Fill all the woods—
The very music of decay.

LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

i.

Breezy bells of May !
Hiding all the day
Where the river ripples softly evermore,
Where the shadows lie
From the azure sky
Like the skiffs of angels on the heavenly shore,
Not a word of sorrow
But a joyous carol
Sing to you the fairies nightly in their green
apparel.

ii.

Where's the maiden's bosom
Snowy as your blossom ?—
Whiter than the sandy foam that brightens on the
surge.
Where's there any trace
Of your pliant grace
As from the claspings of the breeze ye tremble
and emerge ?
Breezy bells of Maytide,
Odorous at matins,
Seldom rustle forms like yours in floating gauze
and satins.

III.

Harken to my Ave
As with soft and wavy
Beauty ye are dwelling on the open lea—
Bends no flower so sweet
Under ruddy feet
When they go a maying amid the woodland free—
Breezy bells of springtime
That in valleys twinkle
Ever with your garlands fair my lady's locks I
sprinkle.

We will not live in Italy or Greece,
My bride, my beautiful. Though skies are blue,
And the air odorous, and our spirits renew
Great visions there which have been made to
cease
By the Destroyer, yet the gay caprice
Of Fancy alone those visions could induce
With happiness. O, all the long years through,
England for us! A little realm of peace
By the most joyous of its haunted meres
And rivers of romance. Together there
We will grow old in pious humbleness:
And if our chalice must be filled with tears,
Be Love our cupbearer; and no despair
Or agony shall our twin hearts possess.

O Isis! gentle Isis! flowing on
Through meadows green with odorous delight,
Through woods that rustle with the breezy
flight
Of wondrous dwellers in the deep unknown,
Soft is thy music, and in unison
With the star-whispers of the eloquent night;
Glad are thy waters in the golden light
Dropt from the long locks of Hyperion.

O Isis! noble Isis! in thee quivers
Eternal Oxford's wondrous Gothic glory,
Poetic towers and pinnacles of pride:
And, loftier in thy power than classic rivers,
Changing thy name by some green promontory,
Thou lavest London with an ampler tide.

Lechlade.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

LITTLE we know of him whom best we know :
Only the spirit's foam doth overflow
In daily converse. Pure and marvellous deep
Its stronger elements must ever sleep
Within the chalice of the human heart ;
Those are the noblest who can dwell apart
In their own royalty.

Some few years ago
Helvellyn, shrouded in October snow,
Saw me, a careless student-cottager,
Hiding afar from earth's unending stir
Where a great glen the mighty hills divides.

There, silently, the strong-winged eagle glides ;
There many ravens haunt ; there dwelt, moreover,
Beside myself, one solitary rover
Of chasm and valley. My small cottage lay
Under great granite barriers which the grey
Hill-Titan planted, by a midnight-hued
Tarn of the mountains : but the turf was strewed
With pine-cones from three Norway giants, tall
Each, as the mast of some high admiral
Around my comrade's dwelling. Down below
The valley widened, and a happy glow
Of brighter sunshine always seemed to break
On the blue bosom of its gemlike lake.

Who was my comrade, knew I not : but we
Over the hills together wandered free ;
Our mutton-ham and coffee matutine
Together took ; and when the western line
Of sunset amber died o'er mere and wold
Returned together to our haunts of old,
Perspiring, weary, with an appetite
Such as Achilles might have felt at night,
Which made our charr and grouse no common-
place delight.

What colloquy we held: of matters human,
Subhuman, superhuman ; loving woman ;
Old fashioned childhood of its late-left state
Dreaming ; stern Death, which keeps inviolate
The coming world ; hill-legends that belong
To northern minstrels of barbaric song ;
The Erd Gheist, whom our cottage hosts had heard
Uprooting pines above ; the royal bird
Whose wide wings seemed a speck in upper air :
Each other's names we knew not—well aware
(Whatever may be due to social claims)
Minds are of higher consequence than names.
Homer we spake of ; and his favorite
The sage Odysseus, whose quick eyes were bright
With no mean wisdom both of heaven and earth.
“ You might have been Odysseus” in my mirth
Once said I when, with half-poetic glee,
We had improvised a modern Odyssey.
There was a wondrous sadness in his eye,
As from his ready lips came this reply.

“ He was a man of action ; I of thought.
Born otherwhere, my life had still been nought
But a vext vision. Not, alas, for me
Brass prows cut furrows in the purple sea.
Well had I loved to roam for evermore ;
Destiny binds me to the weary shore.
Well had I loved war’s onset ; but this arm
Is nerveless, bound by some magician’s charm.
The man of action, who must weakly dwell
Under the influence of so strange a spell,
Becomes a rhymer in the wildwood shade :
Of such material are poets made.

“ I have not known, nor ever can I know
The passion which in happier hearts may glow
Hot as the noon tide : not to cool my drouth
Comes sweet low music from a ruddy mouth ;
No dream of tresses thick, of dim brown eyes,
Haunts me all lonely ; perfect beauty dies
Out from the mirror of my soul. I feign
Within me, oft, a somewhat loftier strain :
The moonlight through some palace-orient streams
On silken vesture ; and a maiden seems
To listen shyly to my pleading tones :
She fades ev’n while I clasp her ; she disowns
The dreamy fiction of an empty heart.
The angry Parcae bid me stay apart
High in these huge grey hills, whence foaming
rivers start.”

THE COLLEGE OF SAINT CHRISTABEL.

I.

O PLEASANT quadrangle of shaven turf!
O College well-beloved, whose turrets look
Down on the village street of Clovernook,
And further, to the ocean's turbulent surf,
Where its wild waters foam themselves away,
Cooped in by island shores to one blue restless bay!

II.

No college ever had such students yet—
The very fair-ideal of mortal boys,
Who never made an unmelodious noise,
Or caused their tutors worry or regret:
They would have sat at old blind Homer's feet,
And heard him, happily, dactylic rhythm repeat.

III.

And yet, well-booted, did they love to urge
Through th' autumn air, in parabolic fashion,
A flabby leathern spheroid: they'd a passion
For cricket too—for boating ocean's surge—
A healthy love of toil, which must continue
So long as mortal men are made of bone and
sinew.

IV.

There were three Principals while I was there.
 The first the queerest, quaintest, dreamiest,
 greyest
 Abstract philosopher and algebraist
 Who found numeric puzzles everywhere :
 Of difficult problems resolute uncoiler—
 Lover of Gauss, Laplace, Jacobi, Abel, Euler.

V.

The second the most eloquent and graphic
 Of lecturers—a perfect pedagogue—
 Master of Plato's golden dialogue :
 All swift-winged birds in summer air that traffic,
 All haunters of the forests and the floods,
 Familiar were to him ev'n in their shyest moods.

IV.

The last a poet—with a pretty daughter :
 He often (weary of perpetual boy)
 By the white sea-foam courted dreams of joy,
 Imbibing draughts of hock and soda-water ;
 While to the saffron-tinted clouds he flung
 Such rhymes as long ago the Teian might have
 sung.



I.

COME to the garden, Minna my sweet !
Foamless and calm is the violet sea :
O thy dainty lips and thy finger-tips
Shall be stained with the fruit of the mulberry
tree.

II.

Heat of the noontide, Minna my sweet !
Chains the wild winds back from their wandering
glee :
But the air is as cool as a forest pool
Under deep green boughs of the mulberry tree.

III.

Loop back thy tresses, Minna my sweet !
Those rich brown ringlets fluttering free :
And the summer shall flush thee with brighter
blush
Than the ruddiest fruit of the mulberry tree.

IV.

Summer and Love, O Minna my sweet !
Are angels twain who dwell with thee :
Lo now they pursue us and merrily woo us
Forth to the shade of the mulberry tree.

BLANCHE WITH THE BROWN HAND.

I.

BLANCHE LUTTREL has as brown a hand as any country maid,
Though her cheek is white as lily-bells that grow i' th' greenwood shade,
Though her neck is white as the purest pearl in the ocean deep that rests,
Though whiter than white violets are the maiden's budding breasts:
And a tiny slender-fingered hand as was ever kissed has she—
But brown as fur o' the squirrel that haunts the tall elm-tree.

II.

For Dame Alicia Luttrel, who lies i' the sod full low,
Who was lady of Castle Luttrel three centuries ago,
Was wooed and won by a wizard knight from the far green hills of Wales—
That land of legends wild and wierd, where sorcery never fails:

No massive hold, not a rood of land, not a head
of deer had he ;
But he ruled the sprites and elves that haunt the
woods and the windy sea.

III.

And it chanced that fair Alicia, to whom his troth
was plight,
In a lover's quarrel bitter words spake to the
landless knight ;
Nor this alone—but passion-hot, as they paced
the turf-en glade,
A sharp and sounding buffet on his cheek the
damsel laid :
The wizard turned on his heel and said, “ A
pleasant stroke I wis !
The maids of Castle Luttrell shall well remember
this.”

IV.

And every girl of the Luttrells from Dame Alicia's
time—
Though cherry-cheeked, though merry-eyed as
was ever sung in rhyme—
Though flaxen hair or chesnut fell their shapely
shoulders down—
Yet their tiny hands could never lose the wizard's
squirrel-brown :
No brighter smile than Blanche's in English hall
is seen—
No duskier fingers ever touched a Moorish tam-
bourine.

v.

Lo Blanche in her turret-chamber lies—she dreams
 a wondrous dream :
 Across the woods the round full moon throws a
 silent silver gleam—
 And down the glen to the Magic Well the pretty
 dreamer goes—
 She dips her hands—they are sudden white as
 lustrous mountain snows !
 She wakes Upon her dainty couch the
 liquid moonbeams fall ;
 And the castle-clock rings midnight through cor-
 idor and hall.

vi.

“ I will go to the well,” Blanche Luttrel thinks :
 she glides from stair to stair—
 She is out beneath the olden oaks i’ the dewy
 midnight air :
 Up starts the deer amid the fern—the owl floats
 silent by—
 A pheasant through the coppice gives a solitary
 cry :
 And beautiful Blanche Luttrel, with whom no
 terrors dwell,
 Like a faery trips beneath the boughs down to
 the wondrous well.

vii.

At the granite cross by the fountain’s side there
 kneels a stranger knight—

A weary man whose face is wan beneath the pale
moonlight:
“O daughter of the Luttrels!” he cries as Blanche
comes thither,
“Lo I am one whom sorrow and toil in youth
have caused to wither:
Now give me a coin of yellow gold, that this poor
poor heart of mine
May find new strength in venison and a stoup of
clary wine.”

VIII.

Says the Lady Blanche, “No gold have I, but
homeward come with me:
The castle gates will open wide; the Luttrel’s
hand is free.”
“O no,” in haste the stranger cries. “There is
feud between us twain:
Thy father and I may never meet beneath one
roof again.”
Blanche Luttrel looks upon his face, which is
pale with deep despair:
Then from her slender fingers brown she takes
the gems they bear.

IX.

The diamond hoop, a birthday gift of her loving
noble sire—
A chrysolite in turquoise set, like water quench-
ing fire—
A ruddy ruby bearing the Luttrel greyhound
crest—

The opal Harry Acland gave—the cousin Blanche
loves best :
She pours them in the stranger's palm—then
goes through gleam and gloom
With timid heart and flying foot back to her
turret-room.

x.

When sunrise on the Quantock hills casts a
tremulous purple glow,
Blanche Luttrell thinks of her opal ring, young
Harry's gift : and lo
Those fingers, dusky hitherto, are white as moun-
tain snow !
Who of a truth that Pilgrim was, the minstrel
dare not say :
But the doom of Dame Alicia hath wholly passed
away—
And whiter hands than the Luttrels have, no
mortal maidens may.

CYCLAMEN.

I.

Not ruddy roses, which in hot July
With showering petals stain the green turf
crimson—
Not violets, bluer than a maiden's eye
Whose lucid orb a tear of pleasure swims on—
Not saffron primroses in glade and glen—
Are half so sweet to me as cyclamen.

II.

Those delicate white leaflets, upward turning—
The perfect odour of that rose-tinged mouth
Curved eloquently, and for ever yearning
To gain warm kisses from the wooing South :
There is no blossom, theme of poet's pen,
Dowered with like beauty to the cyclamen.

III.

Long years ago I had a stately dream :
An old baronial mansion did I see ;
A thousand windows to the sunset gleam ;
A thousand voices ring with summer glee ;
The long stretched lawn, beyond my wondering
ken,
Is densely carpeted with cyclamen.

iv.

I pass the servitors in court and hall—
 A maiden toying with a quickeyed kestrel,
 Her hand ungloved—a mail-clad warrior tall
 Guarding the entrance—portraitures ancestral
 Lining long galleries: maidens, serving men,
 Even portraits, all enwreathed in cyclamen.

v.

On lawn and terrace endless effervescence
 Of merry roundelay and bubbling laughter,
 Where brilliant dames bedewed with Persian
 essence
 Pace slow, and gallant cavaliers come after :
 Yet not the clouds of perfume floating then
 Could drown the scented breath of cyclamen.

vi.

There is an inner chamber hung with arras
 Wrought into hunting-scenes—on purple moor
 Rough hounds with ruddy fangs the red deer
 harass :
 On th' other side the sandy Desart floor,
 Where stalwart spearmen seek the tiger's den :
 Here sits a maiden crowned with cyclamen.

vii.

O such a creature never saw I yet :
 For never saw I Aphrodite rise
 Nude from the sea-foam, stealing violet
 From that Greek ocean for her luminous eyes—

That wicked goddess who brings woe to men—
Her ripe lips ruddier than cyclamen.

viii.

I strive to enter. Forth a rapier springs
From bearded warrior standing by the portal :
Twines my lithe steel with his : each good blade
rings.

Sudden a sharp stroke tells me I am mortal,
Piercing my cuirassed breast. But even then
My dying senses hail the cyclamen.

ix.

Memory returns not, till a couch I press
Of odorous linen, in a turret-room,
Where—perfect solace to my weariness—
Come lightest footsteps through the magic
gloom :
Blue eyes, red lips, and chesnut locks I ken,
And drink in breath as sweet as cyclamen.

* * * * *

x.

A dream. I wake—the maiden is not there :
The stately cavaliers, the haunted glades,
Songs of gay Provence floating on the air—
Alas, too soon the pleasant vision fades !
Yet, as to Earth my thoughts return agen,
The air is glad with scent of cyclamen.

THE HYACINTH.

I.

WHEN the vernal zephys waved the leafage
Round Ionic column, frieze and plinth,
Loading that delicious air with odour,
Clung thereto the stately hyacinth.

II.

And the maiden priestess, pensive-hearted,
Chanting some antique Homeric hymn,
Wreathed its blossoms in her floating tresses,
Standing shadowy by the fountain's brim.

III.

Now on English lawn of mossy velvet,
Far from murmur of Ægean surf,
Blooms that perfect flower, in dusky purple,
White, and crimson, 'gainst the cool green turf.

IV.

Let it sleep upon thy bosom, Mabel—
And its blossoms in thy fair curls twine :
Not the prettiest of Greek priestesses
Laughed through deep brown eyes so sweet as
thine.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

“ There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the most High.”—Asaph.

“ And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.”—St. John.

I.
CALM river, flowing on eternally
Through God’s own city, founded in the sky—
Pure stream of life, for which we mortals thirst
 Amid our earthly toil
 And sorrow and turmoil
And vanity of heart, and strife for ends accurst.

II.

Dim eyes that gaze upon thy happy stream
Flash brighter. O it is no fevered dream!
But pallid lips, which taste thy lymph divine,
 Grow ripe and red again,
 As ere long years of pain
Had burnt them into thirst for Satan’s bitter
wine.

III.

Here checks are furrowed by the woes of time ;
Here the wild waters of a sea of crime
Surge fast around us : but the God of Love
 Has many mansions made
 Beneath the tranquil shade
Of the immortal tree, amid the realms above.

IV.

His servants serve Him by that holy tide
In joy eternal. Hear ye not the Bride,
 From all her temples through a hundred lands,
 Calling to men to come
 To her untroubled home—
The City of our God, which on the mountains
stands ?

V.

Faithful and true the sayings. Lord of light !
O may we serve Thee while Time's hurrying
 flight
Bears the world onward. Then hereafter, Thou,
 Returning glorified,
 Wilt call us to Thy side,
And Thine own hand shall write the cross upon
our brow.

A CAVALIER BALLAD.

I.

O ALAS and alas for the King we could not save,
Who is gone, in his glory and his sorrow, to the
grave!
And for all the gallant Cavaliers, across the weary
wave,
Whose lands are in the grasp of the churlish
Roundhead knave!

II.

There is grief in merry England now, so beautiful
of old—
There is pillage in the dreary town, and famine
in the fold;
Nor ever a holy chant is sung, nor ever a bell is
tolled,
Nor ever a foaming grace-cup drunk by gallant
hearts and bold.

III.

And afar o'er land and ocean the young King
and his Peers
Are thinking of their happy homes, their eyelids
wet with tears:

With wrathful thoughts and restless hopes they
pass the weary years—
O alas and alas for our gallant Cavaliers !

iv.

Better far to have fallen upon Naseby's fatal
plain,
When the best blood of old England was shed
like April rain,
When the summer sun beheld us, a bruised and
scanty train,
Fly fast through stony Harborough, in sorrow
and in pain.

v.

The stars, they are shining where English maidens sing,
And the winds on the grass many a silver shadow fling—
But there's nought to our exile a solace sweet to bring:
O alas and alas for our banished lord the King !





